Thou hadſt cald me all theſe bitter names.
Qu. Mar. Why ſo I did, but look't for no reply:
O let me make the period to my curſe.
Glo. 'Tis done by me and ends in Margaret, (ſelfe,
Qu. Thus haue you breathed your curſe againſt your
Qu. M. Poore painted Queene, vaine flouriſh of my for-
Why ſtrewſt thou ſugar on that botled ſpider, (tune:
Whoſe deadly web inſnareth thee about?
Foole, foole, thou whetſt a knife to kill thy ſelfe,
The time will come when thou ſhalt wiſh for me,
To helpe thee curſe that poiſoned bunchbackt toade,
Haſt. Falſe boading woman, end thy frantike curſe,
Leaſt to thy harme thou moue our patience.
Qu. M. Foule ſhame vpon you, you haue all mou'd mine.
Ri. Were you well ſeru'd you would be taught your duty.
Qu. M. To ſerue me well, you all ſhould do me dutie,
Teach me to be your Queene, and you my ſubiects:
O ſeruе me well, and teach your ſelues that dutie.
Dorſ. Diſpute not with her, ſhe is lunatique.
Qu. M. Peace maiſter Marqueſſe, you are malapert,
Your fire-new ſtampe of honour is ſcarce currant:
O that your young nobilitie could iudge,
What t'were to looſe it and be miſerable?
They that ſtand high, haue many blaſts to ſhake them,
And if they fall they daſh themſelues to peeces.
Glo. Good counſell marry, learne it, learne it Marques.
Dorſ. It toucheth you (my Lord) as much as me.
Glo. Yea, and much more, but I was borne ſo high,
Our aiery buildeth in the Cædars top,
And dallies with the winde, and ſcornes the ſunne.
Qu. M. And turnes the ſunne to ſhade, alas, alas,
Witnes my ſunne, now in the ſhade of death,
Whoſe bright outſhining beames, thy cloudie wrath,
Hath in eternall darkneſſe foulded vp:
Your aierie buildeth in our airies neaſt.
O God that ſeeſt it, do not ſuffer it:
As it was wonne with bloud, loſt be it ſo.
Buck. Haue done for ſhame if not for charitie.
Qu. M. Vrge neither charitie nor ſhame to me,

Line 1. That thou— 10 come that thou—
11 poiſonous— ~~to you all ſhould do me duty.~~
24 blaſt. 32 my ſon—.